

THE POOR FISH

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ENOCH E. MATHISON, Editor

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*Most any poor old fish can float,
And drift along and dream:
But it takes a regular LIVE ONE
To swim against the stream.*

---M. Hathaway

Vol. I.

Thursday, December 18, 1924

No. 1.

The Policy and Purpose

THE POOR FISH will be published every Thursday, beginning with this issue, so you will have Poor Fish for your Friday mental menu as Bro. Wise wisely suggests. We feel that THE POOR FISH has a long-felt mission to fill in the Lower Columbia communities, and in Astoria particular.

We have no axe to grind, no spite to spit, no tearing down of that which is good for the particular community; but we will not hesitate to open up on that which we firmly believe is gnawing, eating up the spirit of the community and retarding its development. It will be our basic aim to help you to see yourself as your neighbor sees you so that a proper understanding can be reached whereby we can the more joyfully work together for the common good of all, thereby each profiting individually. This high aim we hope to accomplish by encouraging spirit and constructive criticism, through our columns.

We will have special features under the heading of "Facts in Farce and Farce in Facts"; "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Near Great", replete with local color and interest; our AL BUNK-BURTUS, the much miracle man with six to sixteen senses depending on the necessity, is going to be assigned several pages to answer questions. If you have anything that troubles you or is a mystery to you, do not hesitate to send your queries to AL. He will answer them in the columns of THE POOR FISH. Give your right name and address, but if you wish, your initials only will be printed. Either your correct initials or others if you wish, may be used.

In each issue we will have a special article dealing with local interest and development of a particular community in the Lower Columbia River District with the end in view of showing the necessity of co-operation of all the communities comprising the Lower Columbia River District from Tillamook, Oregon, north to South Bend, Washington, and from the Pacific Ocean to Rainier, Oregon.

We will have a "Public Forum" page in which you may relieve your pent-up inspirations dealing with public interests, for after all it is the composite interests of the individuals that make up a com-

munity interest; so sit down now and write it, sign your name, give your address. Your name will not be printed if you do not wish it. You may use any name for that purpose. Say what you have to say in your own language; that is the most expressive. We will also have a special page for farming interest and also a literary page of intense interest. We will endeavor to provide a weekly radio program, after this issue.

As this is our first issue and there is much detail work requiring time in preparing and outlining the contents of our magazine, we have not been able to fulfill our aim in our first issue, not because of lack of purpose or material, but because of the lack of space and time, the articles under the "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Near Great", for that reason we have been obliged to omit, regrettable as it is, and assign them to our following issues.

Our Editor-in-Chief, who has been from early life to date gathering large volume of data of human interest as a hasher in a logging camp when 12, as a cabin boy on a wind-jammer at 15, as a goldminer at Klondike, a sailor and a United States Marine on the high seas, a fisherman on the Columbia, a farmer and an orchardist, as a logger in the Red Woods of California, and in the forests of the Pacific Northwest, later as an embryo politician and as a lawyer, and as a special writer of articles, all of which we feel will aid him in his chosen field to interest you.

Do not hesitate to state what you think of us—either to our face or behind our backs—in the event that you be embarrassed by not keeping up with us in the progress of events and do not like our looks—for some of the "back" statements are the most interesting, there is more life and pep in them and that is our meat.—EDITOR.

Junking the Devil's Own Furnishings

We have a wonderful city here—yes—a city that could easily take care, in every way, of a city of five hundred thousand people and still have a good time and enjoy plenty of elbow room.

We have enough vacant buildings, vacant lots, vacant pews, vacant churches and vacant minds—vacant of right thinking—yes, we could easily plant Portland's population here and still have room for the few people there are in Seattle.

We have enough buildings, enough lots, enough doctors, enough dentists, lawyers, bootleggers, ministers, moonshiners, insurance agents, real estate agents, restaurants, dry-goods stores, drug stores,—we have enough factions, hate, jealousy, vengeance, churches, religious and church factions, political spitting, spite, barbaric rivalry, back-biting, green-eyed monstrosities, high-browling, sky-piloting, selfishness, ego-

tism, double-crossing, hypocrisy, inner loops and outer circles, lodges, orders, rings and clubs—in fact there are so many clubs that they are clubbing each other to death—to take care of a population of a city of the size of New York and still have enough left over to last us for a hundred years without renewal orders. And to think that we have not enough co-operation to get a public comfort station; yet, some people hold high hopes of Astoria becoming a great city some day. No brother, not until we junk all that decomposed, spirit-destroying, soul-eating conglomeration of devil's own equipment and furnishings of hell—not until then can we become a city we dream of.—E. E. M.

Facts in Farce and Farce in Facts

Finding the Strait of Anian and the City of Quivera

Now, the Columbia river was always here, at least, according to the Indians or since the battle between the god Wishpoosh, the great Beaver, and the god Speelyei, the fleet Coyote on the high ridges of the Cascades when the monster god of the Beavers in his frenzy tore the walls of Lake Kiche-los and let loose the waters that made the great river of the West.

Many mouths are illusive and Miss Columbia's was not unlike other maidens, and she was not going to be kissed by a foreigner. The explorers looked for the mouth of the great river in the South, in the North, in the East and in the West—for this River of Kings and the City of Opulence, and ever since Christopher pushed Santa Maria's brow on the sands of San Salvador, it was the dream quest of navigators and explorers.

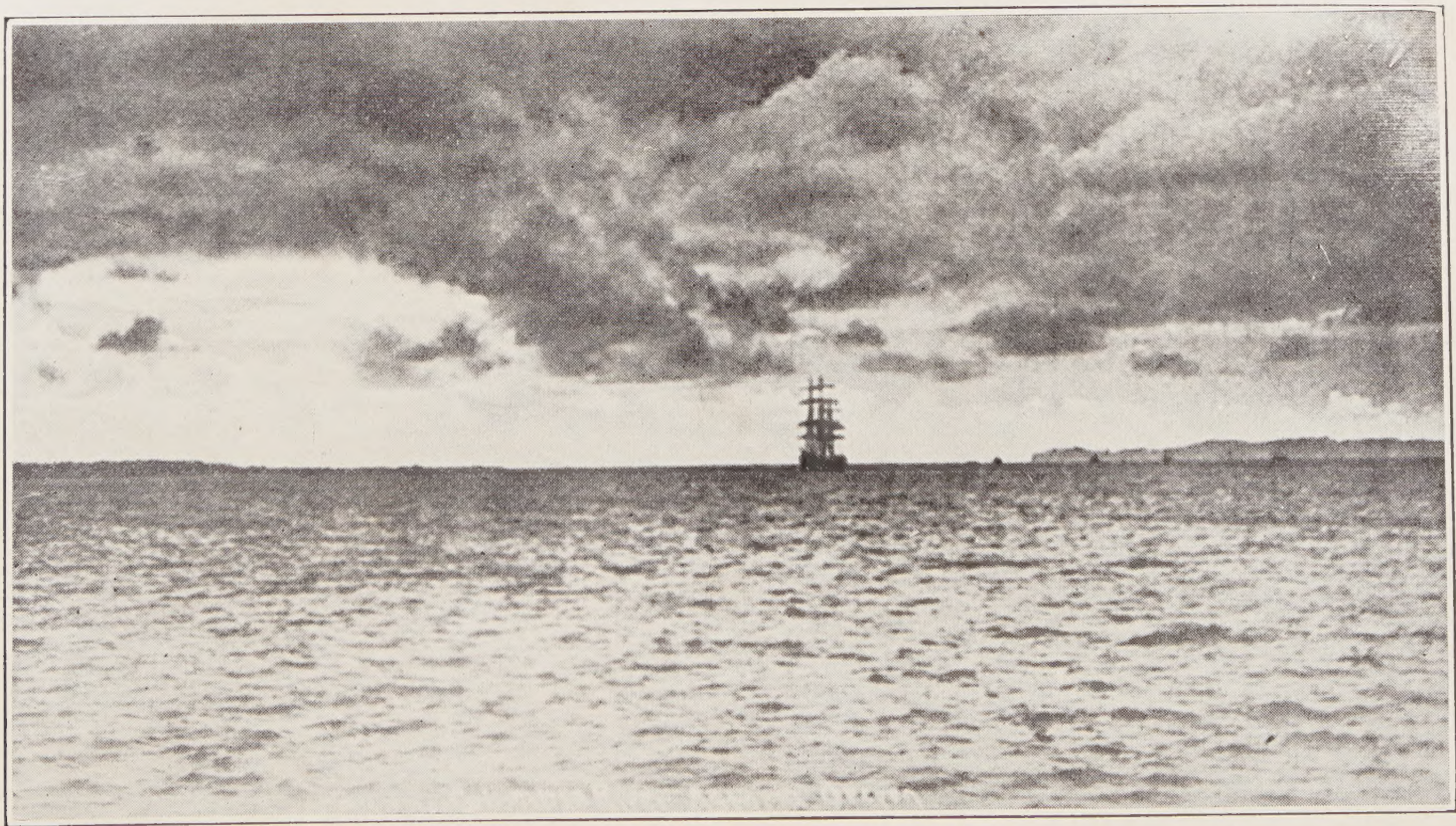
In 1602 Don Aguilar came near the mouth and logged the incident as follows:

"Rapid and abundant river, with ash trees, willows, and brambles, and other trees of Castile upon its banks, and it is supposed that this river is one leading to a great city, which was discovered by the Dutch when they were driven thither by storms, and that it is the Strait of Anian, through which the vessels passed in sailing from the North Sea to the South Sea; and that the city called Quivera is in those parts; and that this is the region referred to in the account which His Majesty read, and which induced him to order this expedition."

The legend called it Rio de los Reyes, Strait of Anian, on the banks of which was a great queen city Quivera, with wondrous isles, with palaces of the Kings on the banks of the River of the Kings (as a matter of fact it was Columbia River and the city of Astoria they were looking for just in the manner as you and I); they also called it the River of the West, the River Oregon. Bruno Heceta, when he anchored at the mouth on August 17, 1775, on his quest for fish trap site, put down on his log as follows:

"On the evening of this day I discovered a large bay to which I gave the name Assumption Bay, (Having first appeared thereon on the Assumption Day Aug. 15.) and a plan of which will be found in this journal. Its latitude and longitude are determined according to the most exact means afforded by theory and practice. The latitudes of the two most prominent capes of this bay are calculated from the observations of this day.

"Having arrived opposite this bay at six in the evening, and placed the ship nearly midway between the two capes, I sounded and found bottom in four brazas (nearly four fathoms). The currents and eddies were so strong that, notwithstanding a press of sail, it was difficult to get out clear of the northern capes, towards which the current ran, though its direction was eastward in consequence of the tide being at flood. These currents and eddies caused me to believe that the place is the mouth of some great river, or of some passage to another sea."



Strait of Anian

So, when Don Bruno after the July run and fishing for tuilies in August before the season closed, lost all his trolling hooks, he proceeded to set-netting, tying one end at Cabo de San Roque (North Cape) and the other end at Cabo de Frondoso (Point Ad-arms). He tried to keep the lead line down by sacks of rock, but he found the current too strong and he "Catchata no fish," beat it back to Montrey Bay.

No white man had lamped it until Konapee, the Tallapus, the god, drifted in with two "trees" stuck on a whale back, and docked at the city of Ne-Ahkstow two hundrede years before the good ship Peter Irdale hove to on the same sands two miles below Clatsop Spit. Juan de Fuca, Martin Aguilar, Spanish Buccaneers, John Meares, a British skin hunter, were all looking for the great river, but she still said; "Find me, you Americano." Vitus Bering captured the Aultians and the thousand islands of Sitka, but he never made a mark on the sands of the greatest river of the West. George Vancuver on his way to Nootka passed it by a league, but a fellow by the name of Bob Gray of the city famous for its beans—in no way related to Miss Elsie Gray, or Bob Gray of Hammond though of same nationality—picked up his mud hooks at Nootka and said goodbye to his British friend, Geo. Van and a few days later made some notes on the log (May 7, 1792).

"Being within six miles of the land, saw an entrance in the same, which had a very good appearance of a harbor. We soon saw from our masthead a passage in between the sand-bars. At half past three, bore away, and ran in northeast by east, having from four to eight fathoms, sandy bottom; and, as we drew in nearer between the bars, had from ten to thirteen fathoms, having a very strong tide of ebb to stem. At five p. m., came to in five fathoms water, sandy bottom, in a safe harbor, well sheltered from the sea by long sand-bars and spits."

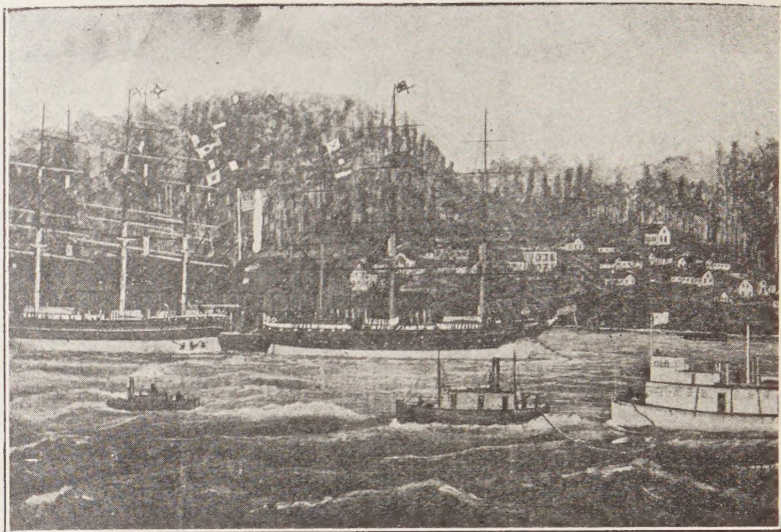
Then a couple of days later, to be exact, May 11, 1792, he slipped his good ship in and jotted down a few more notes:

"At eight a. m., being a little to windward of the entrance of the Harbor, bore away, and run in east-north-east between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar, we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered. At one p. m., came to with the small bower, in ten fathoms, black and white sand. The entrance between the bars bore west-south-west, distant ten miles; the north side of the river a half mile distant from the ship; the south side of the same two and a half miles' distance; a village on the north side of the river west by north, distant three-quarters of a mile. Vast numbers of natives came alongside; people employed in pumping the salt water out of our watercasks, in order to fill with fresh, while the ship floated in. So ends."

Now, that was all there was to it. He gave an axe to the mayor of Ilwack—Ocean Park was a village then and Louis Loomis a very small boy—for Eight Thousand Dollars (\$8,000.-00) worth of fur, sailed up to Nootka (Vancouver Island) and told that Canadian fisherman there what he had found, went back to Boston and died without a cent.

Capt. Vancouver had a boat-puller by the name of Broughton, and in October 1792 they came in for fall fishing. The Captain sent his boat-puller up the river to look up set-netting sites, found Carl Multnomah in charge of the fish commission who wouldn't give him a license because he was an alien. Broughton got sore and posted a few "No Trespassing" signs around Mount Hood, St. Helens and Vancouver, drifted back to Astoria, stuck up a sign at Point George, picked up his net, got a skunk, went back home and reported to his Cousin George that he didn't like the place any way, that it was just a small, shallow slough, no fish and a lot of bad people—he was speaking then of the Anians and not of Astorians.

Later a couple of Eastern youngsters by the name of Clarke and Lewis, who had been working for Uncle Jefferson, eloped with Sacajawea, came here to look over some mill sites, planted a few cherry trees on the rocky knoll near Pietala Farm on the Lewis & Clark River, skinned a whale at Ecola and then on their way back, baked



The City of Quivera or the City of Opulence

a can of salt at Seaside while the girls were bathing with the Indians (to this day the same custom prevails there, to the misfortune of Clarks and Lewises of today) and then they went back and reported to the big Father Jefferson what they had done.

Having heard how Bob Gray got Eight Thousand Dollars (\$8,000.00) worth of fur for an old axe, a young, industrious German by the name of Astor Jacob John, who had been skinning skunks around at a small trading post near the Statue of Liberty on the west coast of the Atlantic Ocean, hired a hurley-burley Capt. Thorn with a boat called Tonquin, gave him a box of knives and red handkerchiefs to give as presents to the Indians and bring back a ship load of rich furs. Thorn had with him a traveling salesman by the name of M'Dougal, who registered at the Astoria Hotel, and immediately began to make love to the belles of the town, (he was the first one to introduce that custom here, which is so popular among the "Knights of the Bag" of today), that was before Westbrook got a lease of the place and before Hoefler lost his chance of presidency of the board of directors of the Columbia

Rooming House Ass'n. Thorn, after he said what he thought of McDougal for stopping at that Hotel, left to meet the hip big chief Nookamish to exchange the trinkets for fur. Chief Nookamish by this time had learned the value of fur and wanted more knives for each skin than Thorn had figured. They chewed the rag over the trade for a while and then Thorn got het-up, rubbed the chief's nose with a skunk skin and then sold a knife to the chief's son who ran it into Thorn, and Thorn left hastily to the Happy Hunting Grounds. His salesman M'Dougal, still quartering at the Astoria Hotel, used better judgment. When the Indians didn't agree with him, he threatened to spread small-pox powder on chief Bobaiway's nose, which made him a good Indian, not before, however, Chief Kobaiway threatened to call the spirit of his forefather, the thunder bird, who resided on his old homestead by a spar-tree on the Saddle Mountain. The Salesman then made love to one of the greasy princesses of Chief Concomly, first in command of the Anian Province, and peace reigned thereafter.

It was one hundred years before that that the first white man Konapee,

the iron maker god, when he landed and popped a few corns, and molded bow knives, that the big chief of the Clatsops called in convention the Wil-lamettes, Multnomahs, [Wahkiakums, Chinooks, to see the new arrival and his marvels; they made him their god and put him in chains and worshiped him, unlike what they did to the god who drifted here recently from La Grande on a Pullman at the invitation of hip big chief mayor and that vituperated Pen Pusher—"Dem Levers." They gave this god free reign, opened up the doors of the treasure vaults, let him buy stock in the Budget, gave him a movie show, and then paid him admission to see it.

(To be Continued)

That Chief's Uniform

Where did the chief get that new, snappy uniform he wore on Armistice Day? The Budget said that it was the "Hart, Schaffner & Marx streamlike kollege-kut," and chief unpacked it from an excelsior box that morning and that it was a mail order suit.

Kristian Wuori next day took serious exceptions to that and claimed that it was a homemade suit made by the Wuori & Co., and that it was not packed in an excelsior box when it left that establishment.

There was a scene in the Budget office later that happened something like this:

ENTER CHIEF: Who in ——! ——! said that this suit came to me by mail in an excelsior box from Hart, Schaffner & Marx? I want you to correct that misstatement——

EDITOR: Tut, tut, my son, forget it. I am the boss—listen here, my-good chief, I made you and I am the one who names the uniform you wear. I don't care where you get it, I name it. Remember, we can get a lot of chiefs from Portland as we do the policemen. You just go back and wear the suit with the name I have given it. You know, as a soldier, that orders are orders.

ENTER KHRSTIAN WUORI: Mr. Newspaperman, I speak with ac-

cent and it comes handy now—that snappy chief's uniform—I made it with my own hands—see!

EDITOR: Yes, but you forgot, my good tailor, that I made the chief. It is my prerogative to name the suit he wears, and I do. It may be your made suit, buit it is my made chief. Now, just get right out, and be a good little tailor and go press your pants.

KHRSTIAN: You——!——! ——! I see you yet.

And hence the chief wears the uniform named by the Budget.

Fishes' Convention

President SUCKER of THE POOR FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION has issued an emergency call to all the fishes to a convention for the purpose of planning protective measures against the ROSS-PIERCE-BUDGET Imbrogllo.

The report of such convention will be fully published in our next issue.

Al. Bunkburtus Answers Questions

Dear Al: I am a member of Always-in-Toils-Club and I read in the BUDGET and in the Astorian certain figures, giving out the expenditures on Baker et al. I have always believed that figures do not lie. But these two reports do not agree. Why?

That's simple: Budget took the figures first and when the Astoria reporter got there, there was not enough left worth while to take. Both figures are correct, they just differ, which is allowable.

I. O. U.—

Please tell me how long am I going to drive a Ford?

Not very long, there is an attachment issued on a laundry bill against you.

E. Z.—

My wife tells me that our neighbors are up very late every evening. Are

they making home brew and have they some old enough to libate and am I safe in asking them?

Yes, call him up by phone and say "home sweet home." He will understand.

Mrs. I. M. A. Lone—

Where is my husband every night? Is there another woman?

No, your husband is true to you, but when you miss him call up 38—enough said.

Mr. K. I. K.—

What happened to our jersey cow last summer? She never came home?

Your cow was three years old—a pet of the family—she had a tail but carried no tail light. A traveling salesman from Hamlet—well lit up—exchanged blows with her. The cow is of no use to any one now. It fell into a creek on Tillamook road. Call John Frye for further information.

M. C.—

Has the manager anything in his basement? If not, why doesn't he want me to go there?

You did not tell me what manager you meant but I know who you mean. Yes, he has; but the reason you think he did not let you in there is not the correct one.

DEAR AL BUNKBURTUS:

I note that you are going to answer some questions in the columns of the POOR FISH. I have been troubled considerably lately, so I write to you and hope that you can give me immediate relief.

I have been a juror in many of the liquor cases tried here. I always took the oath of a juror, swearing to follow and abide by the law and the evidence as presented at the trial, and that has been my sincere desire always to do, but when Charley Robison begins to speak and quote poetry, etc., I don't know what happens to me, for I have found myself time and time again voting always not guilty. I am so ashamed of myself that I cannot look Editor Chessman in the face when I meet him on the Street, now truly, is Charley

inspired? Dear Al, with your multifarious senses will you please give me the right advice of what to do. I roll all night in bed and cannot sleep and it has bothered by wife so that she is now almost a nervous wreck. I have not told her of my troubles.

A. B. C.

ANSWER:

Dear A. B. C.: Don't worry any more. My dear juror, do not be afraid to pass the time of day to Merle, he is not such an awful fellow after all, if you know him right. Speak to him and tell him that he is a bully good fellow and you will note the difference in his pen, later.

Yes, when I saw Charley last he was inspired.

AL. B.

A Dream

I had a dream and in my dream I saw a cloud in the heavens approaching, and over its snowy white surface a golden chariot sped on, and in it were sitting two gladiators dressed in a white garment of friendship, laughing and happy; and behold, as the chariot drew near, who do you suppose I saw therein—Al Kratz and Sam Webb reading the columns of THE POOR FISH. They were speeding towards Talavanna Park for a week-end golfing.

I had another dream. I dreamed that I saw a storm that came from the East and a heavy mist rose from the earth. It was a mist of Egotism, and it was very heavy and oppressive, and great lamentations rose from the earth, and then behold! the heavens opened and two angels descended down the steps of a rainbow, and as they reached the earth, and as if by magic, all the fogs on the face of the earth vanished, and there was great rejoicing among the people. And then I dreamed that I went to see the angels, and behold, there in the Park of Good Fellowship, among the red roses of joy sitting on the Bench of Harmony with a large book before them, the

likeness of Webster's dictionary, was Merle instructing Jim in the art of writing home editorials. Then I awakened, and I wondered what it all meant. Was this the dawn of a new era of good fellowship in Astoria?

PUBLIC FORUM

Those ever-lasting Jurors

(The following letter was sent to the Budget but the Editor inadvertently dropped it in the waste paper basket and the office cat soiled it.)

November 27, 1924.

To the Editor:

If you please, let me call your attention to your (Budget) editorial of the 24th on which I intend to comment and which reads as follows:

"Whether or not the district attorney used good judgment or the proper phraseology in pointing it out, there is something very strange in the fact that five successive juries in justice court liquor trials will report that they are unable to agree as to the guilt or innocence of defendants. Bootlegging cases are simple. They are not involved, complicated and perplexing. It is difficult to see how a jury of intelligent men cannot decide whether or not a man is innocent or guilty."

Of course the word "innocent" used by you is a burden to your thought, but you did not want to be as rude as the district attorney in the Matt Armstrong case when he said: "I am certain that the state can't win this case—if this liquor sale had taken place before the very eyes of this jury, they would still go out and fail to bring back a verdict of guilty. The man who perjures his juror's oath in my opinion lies lower than an illegitimate offspring of a syphilitic skunk and a bubonic rat. I know that in this trial some of you are going to perjure yourselves." Now, that is too rough. Why not use the language as set forth in your editorial, it is more dignified and the identical charge is embodied there but in the more soft, subtle, velvety-like phrase, "that there is something very strange in the fact"

that juries do not bring verdict of guilt in these bootlegging cases is what you meant, connecting your editorial with the district attorney's statement.

And these are the men who were on the jury: A. Osburn, Fred Heyberg, Frank Woodfield, John Wall, Floyd Foster, and Herman Prael, all well-known citizens and business men of Astoria.

These are the men whom you accuse of questionable oaths. Not in the phrases of district attorney, for he made his remarks in the heat of argument, which is sometimes excusable, but you who neither represent the prosecution nor the defense and apparently disinterested, excepting as a moulder of public opinion and a leader of community ethics, cool, premeditating, and after the poor jurors had left the scene of battle and while they were sleeping peacefully by their respective fireside, revered and respected by their children and loving wives and their fellow men, you, apparently for the reason best known to you, dipped your vindictive pen into the black ink of revenge and proceeded to asperse their motives as jurors. What can be the back of all this, ask we, who purchase your paper to get the news of the day and not vilifications of our fellow citizens. What is the occasion of those periodic out-bursts of unseemingly drastic charges now against one and now the other. First you came out—some time back—that district attorney was incompetent and unfit for the place, that he is but a child and is not endeavoring to enforce proper prosecution of liquor violations; then you directed your charges against attorneys for defending those who were charged with violating the liquor laws, and still there were but few convictions, so now you turn to abuse the jury for not bringing convictions against men charged with violation of liquor laws.

Are we not entitled, as your readers, to know what is back of all this un-called-for, this venomous lampooning of respectable citizens who are in the due course of lawful events drawn into these liquor cases, either as witnesses, jurors, attorneys, judges or unfortunate defendants. What justification can you give us for charging that a

juror, disinterested that he is in the case except to uphold the law, does violate the juror's oath? There are many reasons why defendant, the prosecutor, the attorney for the defense, the witness and the so-called professional "affidavit Men" might do it, for they make their living by it, but you cannot give one reason why a jury should do it. Surely, Mr. Editor, you are not so fanatically "prohibited" constitutionally and morally that you intend that every man must be convicted just as soon as a finger of suspicion is pointed at him—he might really be innocent. You never can tell about these birds, sometimes they may come home to roost. Now then, if your motives are based upon proper principles the people are entitled to know it. Hence, come out with your purpose.

Now, Mr. Editor, is it not a fact that if a law enforcing officer takes a drink during his term of office, be he police officer, district attorney, sheriff, or even city manager, and they all have taken an oath to enforce the law, would not they be equally guilty with the jurors, assuming that the jury really did knowingly perjure themselves? I think so. Supposing, you, Mr. Editor, or myself, just plain, blunt citizens, supposing we should taste of the forbidden laughing water, would not that be violating the oath of good citizenship, and as a convert of prohibition, as a moralist, as an example for all other good citizens to follow—you being the moulder of public opinion and a protector of community ethics, and I your humble obedient—would it not become your duty, my duty, to report to the law-enforcing officers every such violation and back him up by appearing as witness upon the trial of the accused or as violators of that law? Have you done that, or have you had no such unfortunate occasion as to witness the presence of John Barleycorn in his operation during this long, long dry period here in Astoria, Nehalem, Portland or elsewhere?

You seem to take the position that it is unlawful and a crime and a public shame to question the motive and veracity of these outside professional "affidavit men" or agents of the so-called anti-saloon league, ultra moral-

ist, super prohibitionist; that theirs is the first, last and the only word to be taken as the solemn truth, whether he comes from the penitentiary or from some dark-age seminary, just so he is an agent and is an outside one and his charges are directed at some one here in Astoria—not of course at us or our friends—but am I saying too much and out of school—I better quit!

ENOCH E. MATHISON.

Astoria's Historic Values Shark Rock

Athrill with expectancy many a traveler arrives in this, the oldest city in West America, eager to do homage at shrines which tradition has surrounded with the glamor of romance. It is occasion for surprise and disappointment to him that the historic buildings have disappeared, that other landmarks are unidentified, and that a singular indifference and lack of enthusiasm prevails.

Someone has defined the prevalent idea of history as: "A long time ago somebody did something grand and courageous somewhere else." The tendency to believe that the wonderful things are all far distant both in time and location blinds the vision to the fact that there are no more wonderful tales of adventure and romance in any age, in any land than the truthful chronicles of our own locality. The charm of "story-book land" is here for those who recognize it.

A little east of the intersection of Thirteenth Street and Exchange there stood, in the days when it was an open beach, a large rock called Shark Rock. And on it were carvings. And if one is interested, he can easily find those who played about it years ago and tried to decipher the legends cut upon its surface. As years passed, buildings were erected above it, so that rarely it was seen, and most of the people who knew it was there forgot about it. Finally the reclamation of the city's water front accomplished the complete concealment of the rock, as the sand poured in about it to the depth of several feet.



First Post Office on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. J. S. Dement standing in front.

After years of oblivion, a few interested persons recently, by persistent search and some excavation, brought to light a small portion of the rock. And now, if you know the location, and are so inclined, you may descend a few steps, wind your way through mud and the undisposed refuse from the great conflagration, bend quite low to look beneath the overhang, and read the identifying name "Shark," which is all that appears above the level of the sand. Many would rejoice to see the rock wrested from its present inglorious surroundings and restored to honor in a worthy setting, in keeping with its historic importance.

In 1846 during the dispute between Great Britain and the United States concerning the boundary line between their possessions in the Northwest, the United States Schooner *Shark* was sent to the Columbia River. She was supposed to have been ordered here as a counter to the British men-of-war lying in the river, and the American settlers were glad to see her. She carried ten carronades and two "Long Toms" all thirty-two pounders. But she did not use them. Instead, she spent the time sounding and buoing the channel from Cape Disappointment to Fort Vancouver. She had entered the river July 18, 1846, and on September 10 as she was leaving, she was

wrecked on the south spit. The crew, numbering seventy-six men besides the officers, all escaped in small boats. They were without food and clothing and their only shelter a hut 12 x 25 feet without any floor. In this plight they remained for two days. To procure clothing and other supplies, it was necessary to journey to Fort Vancouver, which their commander, Neil Howison, immediately proceeded to do. In the meantime, their condition was reported to Solomon H. Smith, pioneer settler on Clatsop Plains, who attracts our interest because he married the Indian princess, daughter of Coboway, who was chief of the Clatsops during the stay of Lewis and Clark in this region. Mr. Smith sent two oxen and other supplies to the shipwrecked men. When the oxen arrived, they were immediately slaughtered. And after a fifty-two hours' fast, the men, nearly eighty in number, were speedily engaged in roasting individual chunks of beef over nearly as many individual fires. Wood was plentiful.

The next day they started for Astoria. Sixty-seven years later, in 1913, one of the survivors of the *Shark*, Burr Osburn, then at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, in correspondence with Judge Bowlby, described their adventures. On arrival at As-

toria, they occupied temporarily, two log houses belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. There were three log houses owned by the company located on the block west of what is now the Hospital. One of these was a double house kept by a single representative of the company who received furs from the trappers and dickered in guns, traps, ammunition, beads for the Indians, etc. The other two smaller houses were for the use of trappers when they brought in furs, and were the ones occupied for a short time by the Shark's crew. Mr. Osborn relates that there was but one other house in Astoria at that time. This was a frame house, built and occupied by Ezra Fisher, Baptist missionary. And this house he mentions was the one later owned by John Shively and known as

the First Post-Office West of the Rocky Mountains. It stood on the east side of what is now Fifteenth St. between Exchange and Franklin. Mr. James Welch's house was also built in 1846, but Mr. Osburn does not mention it.

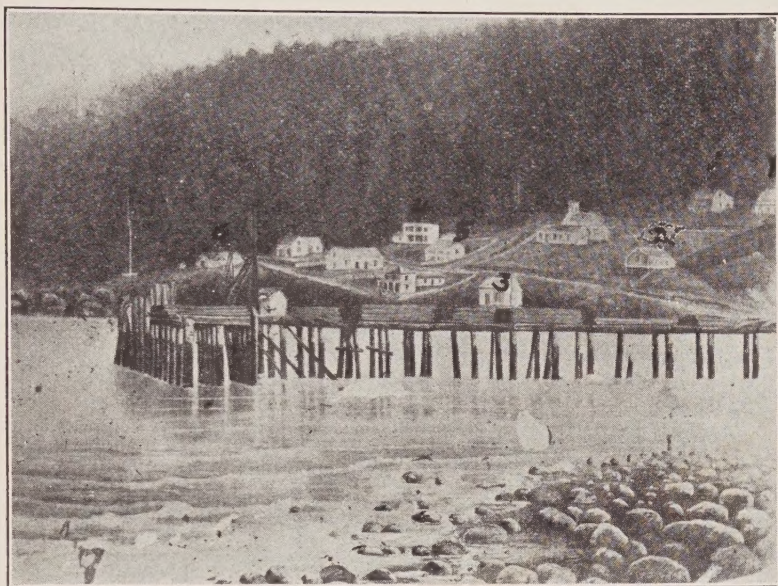
The Shark's crew immediately erected a double log house on the point near Eighth St. and Astor, about where the Parker House was built at a later date. For a long time this spot was known as Shark's Point, and the building as Shark House. Later years saw many pioneers finding refuge in Shark House during the intervals required to build additional shelter. (Other historic articles will appear from time to time under this heading, Ed.)

THE MUSHROOM LEADERS

Most cities and towns suffer now and then from mushroom leaders and Astoria is no exception. Why do they "mushroom"? Because their's is not the mental or moral status nor the mental or moral make-up of continuity that go to make for a permanent progress or of any kind of progress or growth except that which is false and temporal. They sail around from town to town like soaring vultures looking for victims to pillage and plunder. Their specialty is in organization of inner-circles composed of trusted dupes who abide by their ambitions. They join anything, clubs, churches, political and commercial organizations, for their selfish uses and purposes. Their system of operation upon the credulous public is stealthy and before the victims are aware of things they face a wreck and ruin and

the mushrooms are gone to other lands. Their silvery tongue and pliant pen bespeak eternal trust and brotherly confidence and while their victims gaze at the promising sky and chase the rainbow's end the "leaders" perform a painless operation upon their prey, be it city, organization or what not. The elasticity of their unscrupulous conscience has no restraint—they change from one club, church or political party to another if by that they can the better function and fulfill their ruinous and selfish purpose, for their's is to rule and then to ruin and then depart, leaving their prey to hold an empty sack.—BRUTUS.

NOTE.—We will be at Salem during the session of the legislature and will give you first hand report of its doings, in our own way.



This Picture takes in 14th and 17th Street, the site of old Fort Astor or Fort George, taken in early sixties.

NEWS-ITEMS

A patent has been applied for covering the "SQUEAK" in connection with the Astoria Transit Co's. new busses. The principal features given in the application for patent are; it notifies one of the fact that the busses are about to stop, and also serves as a nerve tonic to the waiting passenger in securing the right change.

THE CYNIC

The following extract from the will of a Wall Street man came to my notice lately. It would seem to be worthy of publication in the Docket:

"To my wife I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was.

"To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought the pleasure was mine. He was mistaken.

"To my daughter I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

"To my valet I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for

the past ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was South.

"To my chaffeur I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

"To my partner I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business."—Alfred D. Lind, New York City. From the Docket.

ODDITIES OF LITERATURE

If you would follow the bible you would "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

New Testament I Timothy Chap 5 v. 23.

The Lord said unto Ezekiel:

"Thou shalt drink also water by measure, the sixth part of an hin: from time to time shalt thou drink. And thou shalt eat it as barley cake, and thou shalt bake it with dung that cometh out of man, in their sight."

Ezekiel, Chap. 4 v. 11-12.

The Calf-Patch

*One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer; the calf is dead.*

*But still he left behing his trail,
And there by hangs my moral tale,
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep;
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.*

*And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed — do not laugh —
The first migrations of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.*

*This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.*

*The years passed on in swiftmess fleet,
 The road became a village street;
 And this, before men were aware,
 A city's crowded thoroughfare.
 And soon the central street was this
 Of a renowned metropolis!
 And men two centuries and a half
 Trod in the footsteps of that calf.*

*Each day a hundred thousand rout
 Followed the zigzag calf about,
 And o'er this crooked journey went
 The traffic of a continent.
 A haundred thousand men were led
 By one calf near three centuries dead.
 They followed sitll his crooked way,
 And lost one hundred years a day;
 For thus such reverence is lent
 To well-established precedent.*

*A moral lesson this might teach
 Were I ordained and called to preach;
 For men are prone to go it blind
 Along the calf-paths of the mind,
 And work away from sun to sun
 To do what other men have done.*

*They follow in the beaten track,
 And out and in, and forth and back,
 And still their devious course pursue,
 To keep the path that others do.
 They keep the path a sacred groove
 Along which all their lives they move;
 But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
 Who saw the first primeval calf.
 Ah, many things this tale might teach —
 But I am not ordained to preach.*



Photo by Woodfield. Copyrighted.
Business District of Astoria, just before the fire, December, 1922.

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